When Constable opened his eyes he you and me together. Two or three times, was far down the slope, and Breen was back across the forbidden tundras of

me? I had just settled down comforta- night. I never hurt any of those fellows bly to view that spout when-pluff! I as I have hurt you. I'm too fond of you began to lose track o' things and my head to hit you any harder. Lee's talk about broke. What was it-gas, altitude-?" something else." thing he preferred you shouldn't see," peal. He knew that if there were any said Breen. "I know the racket turned future for him, he would think of Breen's me sick as a poisoned rat while I was last words co-ordinate in memory with dragging at your leg. I know that the the quaking rim of the crater. It did not natives wouldn't venture within two hun- occur to him to answer at once. They

heavy young person." the guns of the enemy? That was good trail again, words did not come to him, of you, Breen. It was, indeed."

was beginning. Breen was conscious of was not good to open one's mouth in a catch in his throat. "Peter," said Breen quietly, "I ran

from you this morning." 'Dear folks be-hanged!"

Breen. That matter is mine-all mine." | shelter. Constable spoke in a low voice. Breen | Constable sank into his old seat at the Rockies. was bending over him in the dusk. "You round table under the window. He watchdidn't force yourself upon me. You didn't ed Breen and the woman. His friend was even come along by chance. I asked you huge and lean in the lamp light; his to cruise with me You volunteered to white clothing stained from the saddle, nt to change my opinion

"But the lady-" -down and out. * * The point is, ronia called down upon the watcher his you didn't turn on Pelee's throttle. You're own black vistas of desolation. She had not to blame because I'm a dub of a for al, for an hour, the true and the beaulover. I'm not on sick report."

he helped the other into the saddle. ened little mother-handled girl," Consta- much he could do, was his thought. Food

winding trail, apart from the guides. The pained from the lamplight, and he drop-lights of Ajoupa Boullion were ahead, ped his face forward into his arms on the and the mountain carried on a frightful table. Close to the wood, the vibrations drumming behind. The coiling masses of of the mountain boomed louder in his volcanic spume, miles above the craters, ears. generated its own fire, and, lit in the flashes, looked like billows of boiling steel. Soronia implored. Constable was very weak, and Breen rode upon sheer nerve-nerve that men had meai-little fairy," Breen whispered.

"To think that such a tone and such "With you away-oh, my lover, no, no!

night, your heart torn out. Because I fairy."

fell upon Breen's arm and tightened by the old French clock.

"For four days I have been dreaming rigidly to wait. that dream, Breen."

"It must come true this night. There will have been a reaction. Go there tonight. Speak to her alone. Tell her how in the face of her mother, hard and white you came to know me-how men look at as ivory, that the clash of wills had come. these things-that the newspaper story A slender arm barred the door through was as new to you as to herself. Tell which the daughter had to pass. her of your trip to Pelee, and now the disorder they see and hear down in the city looks up there at first hand!"

It was at this instant that a full-rigged thought sprang into Breen's brain, which had known but the passing of hopeless derelicts throughout the day. He dared arm. Slowly, softly, she said: "I say not trust the thought to words, lest the that you shall not! Order Uncle Joey to other should cancel it, but he called to send the thief away, or you and I-are the guides to increase the pace. "Ah, she would not listen to words of Lara faltered before the revolting pos-

mine," Constable answered hopelessly. "If sibilities of the moment. "Mother," she she had any faith in me, words would not | implored, "don't poison the years! I am be necessary. A man knows when he is a grown woman-I see my way clearly !" beaten. I have drawn my little quietus | She leaned against the arm that crossfor one day. To-morrow-"

Of course. For that matter, we might be boiled out like a pair of tater-bugs pressed against her throat. Every fiber before we can pick up a snack in Ajoupa of her young body the insufferable bond. Not a tissue rebe right, and I a frenzied alarmist. Pelee is throwing off pressure true and mother's fingers scraped like wood across steady as a clock running down. It may be that he'll relieve his crowded cham- imperishable record in the girl's brain. bers this way."

had passed, revealed the extent of Con- praying forgiveness, had there reached Ajoupa Boullion, where food and fresh But the face was not changed. The sovmounts were procurable. "It's probably better for her that she

did not give herself to me," Constable sword. Low-spoken, freezing utterances observed, when they were in the saddle found the brain of the girl, promptings of again. His mind was deepening the bitter | the dread, imperfect faculty : groove now. "We'il put all this behind

There are many reasons. One is-the and his duil tool!" law is on my trail! . . Will you

Constable carefully related the Crusoe she sped, her one thought to flee. There

you are winding yourself up tighter and nothing. Breen stood by the door, his father came home. He told me to bring tighter in my crimes?"

trifles to-night. The detective matter dis- other obstacle.

posed of, what are the other reasons why you and I must diverge after this night?" Breen was silent a moment. "I was pretty hard-hit this morning," he said finally. "The rough weather broke downmy idea about not going to the shop

again. It seems incredible, but Soronia has never had a lover-before. I found her-if you'll forgive me-in need of me, a carriage brought-" You see, I had just come from the reeking stone of sacrifice where you lay; and | don't leave mother alone longer-up | frames and sent up. There are about relit a pair of creole eyes-promised there!" she said desperately. "I am go- six ascents in a day. An extra charge to go to sea no more."

ptable asked bitterly. "Suppose I had take me to him. Go to mother!"

been a poor liar?" won't all fail. You can't keep this one Lara threw the shawl about her shouloff always. It amounts to just this for ders and hurried to the door, which Breen me-that I have found my little isle in opened in utmost amazement. She turned the midst of the sea, like that other pro- to him in the dark, with the burning moter who all but conquered Europe." "But why could you not both go aboard |

with me?" the other persisted. "I have told you that after this ride I cease to vampirize the career of Constable. If Crusoe finds the Rue de Rivoli, Saint Pierre." very well. If not, for the present, very

years, I have met men who stack up "Hello!" said he. "What unhorsed something as you do in my thoughts to-

"More likely old Pelee was up to some- | Constable had received a singular apdred yards; also, that you are a mortal were passing through Morne Rouge, so overcrowded now that people were sleep-"And so you retrieved the fallen under ing in the streets. On the dark downand when the party re-entered the bank The natives were pressing in. Darkness of falling ash and the sulphur stench, it

speech. The guides were paid at the edge of the city. Saint Pierre was dark and har-"You didn't run from me this after- rowingly still. The hoof-beats of the two noon, the which is lucky for me. Take a mules which the Americans retained were little touch yourself, old playmate, and muffled in the ash, as if they were pounddon't get moody. One needs a pal when ing along the sandy beach. Often the one makes such a mussy dumping-ground rousing fetor of death reached the nostrils of good chances. The engaging Mr. Stem- of the riders, above the drying, cutting This old chief, says a writer in the bridge never did me any harm, and all vapor of the volcano, and their beasts Sunday Associated Magazines, never that the newspapers could accomplish in shied and snorted at the untoward humps wronged the whites or any of his own the minds of people at large would move on the highway. It was as if war and people. Yet all the Indians feared him. me to no deeper emotion than to say, pestilence had stalked through Saint Single-handed, Washakie could pilot Pierre that day, and a winter storm had "Peter, if I hadn't been here, you tried to cover the dreadful aftermath. A would be a good daylight run out on the door opened at last before them, and decent ocean by this time, with the lady!" there was a cry from Soronia. Pere "Please don't goad yourself further, Rabeaut hurried out and led the mules to

son with, but the glory of her lover's morning, they should never return. "Yes, the lady has spoken. I am done presence which shone in the eyes of So-"You're game, Peter," said Breen as never to know! . . He would keep "Not game enough to abduct one frightwas placed before him, and he ate a lit-They were riding together down the tie, for the sake of Breen. His eyes

"But you must not go away again!"

They were in the living rooms across "Peter," he said at length, "you are the court, where the bird cages were not through trying to get the lady out of tiered and covered with cloths. She clung to him pitifully.

a question could come from the 'implaca- . . I cannot live again for hours ble Stembridge'!" Constable said, with a and hours!" crucified before," Breen suswered. "To Then he must not know where I have you and me, together, it foes not vastly gone. I am going to the plantation house matter that I am Stembridge, one of the on the Morne d'Orange. It is for him. bigger wolves. But others have come in. Two hours at the most, and the last-

am here, you went up to the mouth of Breen recrossed the court and entered that horrible pit to-day, and lay down to the fruit shop on tiptoe. Constable did die. I have played with men and women, not move; his breathing was inaudible. Peter, but I never wrecked a white man At the street door Soronia joined him like before, or broke the heart of a friend." | a shadow. He kissed her and put her A hand stretched across the dark and arms from him. It was eleven-fifteen of both hands on the window panes.

there. "I know how you feel; but what | Soronia, alone, stared for an instant | Moore finally walked to where he could line would you have me do?" Constable mut- at the figure sprawled across the tablethe mar who had caused her lover twice "When I see a wisp of smoke on the to be tern from her arms that day. Then and the Madame are wrapped in it—" she moved to a chair, in the shadows at the far end of the shop, and sat down

In the dim upper hallway, Lara read

"Lara, what do you mean to do?" "I mean to hear what this man has to

"At midnight-listen to an outlaw?" "Yes: let me pass!" The elder woman did not move her estranged."

ed the doorway. It did not give. The "There may not be any to-morrow for face close to hers in the feeble light laxed, although the bar was forced. Her the casing. The sickening sound made an Horrified at the thing she had done, Lara Such words, more than anything that would have fallen at her mother's feet, ereign will would not have broken had she hewn her way into the room with a

"Go, grown woman, who sees her way

ears with her hands. Down the stairway face whitened with dust. The planter it up here."

"Somehow, I can't get wrought up over | waited near the foot of the stairs-an-"Go to mother quickly-she needs

"Where are you going, Lara?" the old man gasped. "To the ship with the other refugees!"

"Not with this man, child-" "fle is Mr. Constable's friend."

"In the name of pity, Uncle Joeying out to the ship. Your nephew has "Suppose I had missed Cruspe?" Con- asked me to be his wife. This man will The planter turned a last look at Breen "There are many Crusoes, Peter. They and obeyed, his face a field of conflict

question:

"Is Peter Constable dead?" "No-

"Is he hurt-lying on the ship?" "No, he is reasonably well, and in

Reacting weakness rushed over ne

now, the doubts of an untried soul, and the loneliness of an outcast. The scene in the upper hallway was upreared in her brain. She had been borne throughout the day, unerringly by the processes of mind toward the expression of her own will: but the fruition was so sudden and

horrible as forever to be beyond the shadow and circumstance of extenuation. If Constable were well and in Saint Pierre, why did he not come to her, instead of sending this man? Even though Breen were all a man could be, had Constable the right to send him to her, after the allegations of the press? Could there be any truth in the suggestions of her mother? Might there not exist in the Constable character a war of the base and

These big tangible terrors possessed her. She could not go back-the bridges were burned. The man at her side did not speak, save to answer her questions. Ahead were possibilities and fancies, beside which the rumbling menaces of the mountain were clean fears. She halted. Her body swayed a little, and the man put out his hand to steady her. A cry escaped her lips.

"I cannot go on!" she exclaimed brokenly. "I have done a terrible wrong in coming. Everything is different. Leave France !"

(To be continued.)

A GOOD INDIAN.

Not long ago there died on the Shoshone Indian Reservation in Wyoming any number of whites through any hostile country. He it was who piloted General Fremont across the country when he went to make a way for the advance of civilization beyond the Toddling Dottie or dignified Ruth,

Washakle was a wonderful man in many ways. He never broke his word. Once when one of his sons led a band tell me about yourself. I said it wasn't his hair and mustache white from ash, his of restless young warriors away from he isn't a coward, was the conclusion I black eyes burning in a face haggard unto the reservation to pillage among the ghastliness. The woman was in his arms whites, Washakle sent a runner to say came to that night, and I haven't seen as they stood together. What they said, that if the warriors were not back on

They did not heed the warning, and best fighters against his son. True to tiful—the soul anchorage which he was the word of Washakle, none of the band ever returned. All were slain. Always stern, and vowing all his life that he would never break his word,

> Washakie kept his promise in this case as he did in every other. For his long, valuable services to the whites in the troublous days of the early frontier, President Grant once sent a beautiful black pony, a fine saddle and a silver mounted bridle by spe-

cial messenger to the chief. "Yes, for an hour-two hours at the When the messenger arrived at the agency building, the sun had just set. Washakie was standing at a window, looking on the gold and purple which flooded the snow-caps of the mountains with color.

Post-Trader Moore soon found the Indian, and told him to look at the "Hush!-he is in great trouble. He pony, with its fine saddle and bridle. "The 'implacable Stembr'dge' was never must not awake until after I am gone. The pony stood just beneath, where it How many kisses for each curly head?

could be seen to good advantage. "Well, Washakle," sald Moore, "what have you to say to the White Father Because I am here, you stand dazed to- the last I shall ever leave you, little for sending you such a beautiful pres-

> Washakie did not speak. The post-trader repeated the question; but instead of replying, the old chief began to drum with the finger Thus he stood for some moments. see the Indian's face, and was surprised to see that Washakle was weeping. Great tears were rolling over his scarred cheeks, and occasionally the great, fearless warrior sobbed, something that no torture could have made

In due course, Washakie turned that bespeak slovenliness. about and said slowly, "Tell the White Father for me that when the French such little things that you are judged, man gives thanks he has plenty tongue, rather than by what you pay for your but no heart; when Washakle gives clothes or how well you carry them. thanks, he has plenty heart, but no tongue." A message, it may be added. that none could understand better than to account for the decreasing inclina- citant, and in certain cases should be the silent great man to whom it was toward marriage, but it still appears those who have irritability of the heart,

Good old Chief Washakle fought in one hundred and fifty-seven battles in aid of the whites.

Jewelry in an Old Tin Can. A small boy went to the Walnut street police station last night. In ...s right hand he carried an old rusty tomato can, says the Kansas City Star. burned away her self-control. The rigid- Lieut. Joseph Heydon was busy and for her with the precision which would ity of the bar suffocated—as if it had did not notice the boy, whose head scarcely reached the top of the desk. "Say, mister," he said, "I guess I ; ot

something I think you want." Heydon looked at the boy and the can and smiled. He likes children.

possibilities of triumphant conquest sin-"I guess if you don't want it I don't gle-handed? either." he replied. "But let's see it." The boy walked around behind the desk. Heydon took the can and turned it bottom upward. Four gold watches, a locket, a cross, a necklace and one silver cuff link rolled out on the desk. "Son, I beg your pardon. I do want this," the lleutenant sald.

"Where did you get it?" "Was digging for fishing worms down us presently, Breen. We're mates, I clearly! Go with the thief to your lover at 19th and McGee streets," the boy -who dares not come to you! Go out replied. "Had a dandy place picked "This is our last ride together, Peter. to the hunted ship, then-with the thief out to dig. Right 'longside of some old ties near the northwest corner of 19th Lara seized her hat and shawl and dart- and McGee streets. Just got started to please inform me what you are laughing ed past the pitiless voice, shutting her dig when I struck the old can. I looked into it and found that stuff. It was was truce below; the awfulness of defeat about half past 7 when I found it. I Breen groaned. "Don't you see, Peter, behind. . . The men had heard took it home and waited till my step-

Odd Use for a Balloon. It is said that an enterprising Parisian company has discovered a method of bleaching linen by balloon. A few hundred feet above the earth the atmosphere is nearly as pure over the city as in the open country, and it is "But I'll go with you, dear! I'll have in this higher region that the linen is dried by the aid of a captive balloon. The linen is attached to bamboo of from five to fifty centimes, or from one to ten cents, is charged for each article.

> Just Cranky. Smith-Isn't he rather eccentric? Jones-Oh, no. He's a poor man. Choice Fruit.

Tom-She's the apple of my eye. Jack-She must be a peach

tal letters is shown in the illustration. Two hundred penny-in-the-slot machines which supply newspapers are It is white foulard with brown ring min Harrison and Mrs. Grover Cievedots and the scallops on either side of land, three widows of ex-Presidents. now in use in Berlin.



.

Electrical Curling Iron.

hair curler she

Nobody Knews but Mother. How many buttons are missing to-day? Nobody knows but mother. How many playthings are strewn in he

way? Nobody knows but mother. How many thimbles and spools has sh missed? How many burns on each fat little fist. How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?

Nobody knows but mother. How many hats has she hunted to-day? Nobody knows but mother. Carelessly hiding themselves in the hay? Nobody knows but mother.

me. I-I shall go back toward Fort de How many handkerchiefs willfully stray-How many ribbons for each little maid? How, for her care, can a mother be paid? Nobody knows but mother.

> How many muddy shoes all in a row? Nobody knows but mother. How many stockings to darn, do you

know? Nobody knows but mother. How many torn little aprons to mend? Chief Washakie of the Shoshone tribe. How many hours of toil must she spend? uously to the curling iron. The neces- an inborn love of a good time. will end? Nobody knows but mother.

> How many lunches for Tommy and Sam? is simple and handy to operate, with no such mark between the eyes indicates Nobody knows but mother. Cookies and apples and blackberry jam Nobody knows but mother. Nourishing dainties for every "swe-

How much love sweetens the labor, forsooth? Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody knows but mother. How many joys from her mother love

How many prayers by each little white

Nobody knows but mother. *

What He Looks At.

wears; the average man sees if she be

the kind he likes-or the other kind.

or any of the buttons are gone.

had never heard of pressing.

however, see whether-

Some men can take in all a girl

If he can not go into details he can,

Her gloves have holes in the tips and

would be better for soap suds or gaso-

She looks "band-boxy" or as if she

She is spotty or slouchy or neat and

Men may be impressionists as to col-

ors' and materials; they are etchers

Do not forget, girls, that it is by

Duliness of the Marriage Mart.

Many reasons have been put forward

are making the path of domestic life ach.

normally represent the experience of

more than one lifetime. Is it to be

Dotted Foulard.

0

A gown spelling smartness with capi-

NEW HAIR DRESSING STYLES ARE DIRECTOIRE TOO.

and on the ends, that tie in the center. | cardboard, paste down smoothly, and

The garment is thus held secure. In baste silk seam binding around the

laying in the skirt all the plaits, tucks edges and down the open sides. Stitch

gown or skirt and shirtwaist has its together, stitch down twice."

pasteboard, that has been cut just small

enough to fit inside the trunk. With

this arrangement a dress may be taken

Too Much Hot Water.

Because a thing is good to do or use

under certain circumstances does not

We hear much about the benefits of

drinking hot water, therefore everyone

who has a slight indigestion immediate-

can be swallowed in immoderate quan

This is a mistake. Water too hot

weakens the lining of the stomach. It

should rarely be used at boiling point,

Remember that hot water is an ex-

according to a woman in New Jersey

The Jersey lady took an old soap box

and first lined it with oilcloth, making

a tight-fitting top with hinges. A pad

stoffed with hay was made to fit into

the box, the box was covered with cloth

for neatness, and loose hay completed

the cooker. The food to be cooked must

first be brought to the boiling point on

the stove, then placed in the cooker,

covered with the hay, the pad pressed

down, the lid closed and held tightly

in place, and that is all that there is

to the trick except to take the food out

when needed, and find it ready to eat.

Wearing Five Buttons.

fashlons, such as the mandarin jacket.

the kimono sleeve, the chrysanthemum

embroidery, but the wearing of five

buttons on the coat of jacket is a new

The Chinese wear these five buttons

to remind them of the five chief moral

virtues which were recommended by

Confucius. These are: Humanity, jus-

Mother's Preference.

upon the arrival of a small brother

when the neighbor inquired: "Well,

how did you boys like the boy?" "Oh,"

answered Howard, nonchalantly, "we

thought it was all right; but mamma

would rather have had an automo-

A Change Will Prove Helpful.

ceives no sunlight and the coiled hair

Widows of Ex-Presidents.

Mrs. James A. Garfield, Mrs. Benja-

no ventilation.

The twins were being congratulated

tice, order, rectitude and prudence.

idea, unknown to the many.

Girls have gone in for many Chinese

and sipped very slowly at least.

mean that it is the best for all occa

Her shoes are run down at the heels from the trunk without disarranging

when it comes to noticing little things ly takes to drinking water as hot as

tion which the girl of to-day shows avoided. It is not especially good for

necessary to warn advisers of those or for those who are suffering from di-

about, or about not, to marry, that they lated stomachs or sourness of the stom

almost too easy. Counselors seem to Often cold, but not ice, water acts as

take a particular pride in overcoming more of a tonic than hot water. The

the problems that must ultimately con- only way to discover the relative ef-

front the bride, and in fighting her bat- fects is to try thoroughly both kinds.

tles for her long before they come. Water of some kind and in quantities

wondered that the domestic side of there is no necessity for investing in

matrimony ceases to possess the fasci- one of the expensive fireless cookers,

nation of the unknown, or to offer the as they can easily be made at home.

In short, married life is mapped out is, however, essential to good health.

any of the others.

pared with the ordinary implement.

New Idea for Packing.

bodice and bordering yoke of white eye- are now living. The Presidents have for young girls, and this model takes let embroidered silk are edged with usually died before their wives, as the peculiarly satisfactory lines. It is narrow brown velvet ribbon. There work of the chief executive of the na- adapted to light weight wool, to the is a band of white lace at bottom of tion generally uses most of the vital pretty simple silks, that will be so yoke matching that used on sleeves. ity of the man engaged in it. Mrs. much worn this season, and also to Girdle of brown velvet ribbon has long Garfield spends much of her time in the washable materials, but as illusends finished with brown silk tassels. Washington, where her son lives, and trated it is made from silk and cotton setted up, it now develops that Levi Wrat-

hair dressing calls sion. Mrs. McKinley also received the or numberless curls. \$5,000 pension up to the time of her With the ordinary death.

must patiently hold the end of the If the nose is sharp and turns downiron over the gas ward it indicates keen business ability flame after making and a tendency to be both miserly and CURLING IRON. each curl to reheat sharp-tongued. the iron. The time thus consumed is | A long, straight nose shows a traneliminated with the use of the electriquil, reserved nature, and a short nose

cal curier, as heat is furnished contin- a propensity to quarrel, combined with What is the time when her day's work sary heat is obtained by connection | The nose that is too deeply indented with an adjacent incandescent lamp at the root shows a lack of courage socket, provision naturally being made and decision, while a nose sloping dito avoid any electric shock. The tool rectly out from the forehead with no

> complicated mechanism to worry about. a strong sense of power. The inventor claims that only one-quar-Let such a nose show a slight indenter the time is required to curl the tation, however, and it will be a caphair with the electrical curler as com- able, self-reliant sort of a girl, who does everything well and makes no fuss about it.

> > Pretty Candlesticks.

A business woman who makes frethe old chief personally led some of his How many tears for her babes has she in the gown securely are sewed to the circle exactly in half, cut out the top or the plaits can be left plain. cover at equal distances on each side half circle. Fit the chintz over the The above pattern will be mailed to

Latest Lingerie Blouse.

It is built of extra sheer nainsook, in

tucks that run up and down and also

across. The divisions are marked with

bands of lace, and three rosettes of

black satin ribbon run down one side.

. The finish of the sleeves is odd and

For Young Mothers.

be used for washing the face. A new

sponge should be purchased whenever

Feminine Economy.

"I am sending my mail a parcel con-

taining the golf coat you want. As

the brass buttons are heavy, I have

cut them off to save postage. Your

"P. S.-You will find the buttons in

the right-hand pocket of the coat."-

Use of an Old Umbrella.

Take an old umbrella frame and

wind the wires with white cloth and

suspend by handle from the ceiling

near the range. It will prove excellent

for drying baby's clothes and other lit-

tle pieces. If handle is not of the hook

kind a hook can easily be bored into a

For a Discolored Neck.

For a discolored neck apply cucum

bers cut in strips, binding them to the

The Obliging Lamp.

In the parlor there were three:

Girl, the parlor lamp and he.

That is why the lamp went out.

Two is company, no doubt;

clean when washed in boiling water.

was away from home on a visit:

loving sister, J----.

straight handle.

-Princeton Tiger.

Frequently change the mode of wear- the morning wash off and rub well with

to result. That portion of the scalp a soft towel. Repeat this treatment

where the hair is coiled and pinned re- until the discoloration disappears.

tween two plaitings of muslin.

divides the rest between her old home pongee trimmed with banding and with ten, former sheriff of the county, who in Ohio and Pasadena, Cal. She is a puttons. The waist and skirt are mysteriously disappeared from his home Every young lady should rejoice in gentle, sweet-woman, always ready to the possession of the electrical curling speak of her husband. Mrs. Garfield iron recently invented and patented by receives a pension of \$5,000 a year. a Missouri man, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison married Presiespecially so as the dent Harrison after he left the White present fashion of house, and she does not receive a pen-

PATTERN NO. 5984. ty. He said he had been in the West quent trips abroad has evolved an ex- "In a bedroom decorated with chintz joined beneath the belt, so forming the for a number of years, had begun life How many cares does a mother heart cellent idea for keeping her gown in it is a pretty idea to make the candle semi-princesse dress that is a feature over and was prospering. good condition. Her plan entails con- shades to match," says Woman's Home of the season, and the short sleeves siderable work at first, as she makes Companion for September. "Out of are of the latest cut, yet the dress is SHOCK FOR RETURNED TRUANT. pasteboard packing boards and covers good carboard cut a perfectly round consequently an exceedingly simple one. them with cheap percale. When these circle (the size required for the shade), For the trimming any banding is apcases are slipped over the board the and in the center of this draw a small propriate, and if buttons are not liked ends are sewed up and tapes to fasten circle. Then, after cutting the larger embroidered discs could be substituted.

Pattern Department

UP-TO-DATE DESIGNS FOR

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

~~~~~

Girl's Dress.

a guimpe is always one of the prettlest

The simple dress that is worn over

your address on receipt of 10 cents. er. "I guess I'm too big to be licked," Send all orders to the Pattern Depart- remarked the boy, and then, noticing a ment of this paper. Be sure to give gap in the family circle, he asked: both the number and size of pattern "Where's Lizzie?" The family was much wanted, and write very plainly. For affected. For the first time the boy ollowing coupon:

Order Coupon.

SIZE ....

Corset Cover Closing in Back. Pretty corset covers are always enback, is specially desirable beneath the fashionable blouses. It is prettily Veteran Fatally Wounds Captain trimmed at the front and can be made either with the short puff sleeves of without. Lingerie batiste with trim Reep, and then boasted that he had waitming of lace makes a most satisfactor; ed eight years to commit the deed. Both



wash silks, which many women like for the purpose, are appropriate. In addf tion to its other advantages, the corsei cover allows of a neck finish of several

The above pattern will be mailed to your address on receipt of 10 cents. 10,000 as she won the prize in Wabash, Send all orders to the Pattern Depart- riding as gracefully as when a girl. ment of this paper. Be sure to give both the number and size of patters Destroys Refuse; Burned to Death. wanted, and write very plainly. For Mrs. Philip Fogel, aged 68, living near convenience, write your order on following coupon:

Order Coupon. A soft sponge should be used for SIZE .... bathing the baby's body, limbs and scalp. There should be a separate washing cloth for the face. When used frequently sponges become dirty and are liable to cause infection of the eyes. For this reason they should not

PROVERBS AND PHRASES. If I rest I rust, says the key.—Ger- secured a gun and shot off the top of his

the old one does not become wholly Force can never destroy right .-Latin. Beauty vanishes, virtue endures .-The following letter was received from his sister by a New Yorker, who

> ent.-Latin. He who climbs too high is near fall.-Greek. High birth is a poor dish on the

Impudence and wit are vastly differ-

table.—Irish. How fading are the joys we dote upon !- Norris.

for it.-Danish. Every man is the architect of his own fortune.—Sallust. Catch not at the shadow and lose the substance.-Hebrew. .

barefoot.-Spanish. Mingle a little gayety with your loons, drug stores, etc. The loss is estigrave pursuits.-Horace, Fools will ask what time it is, but he wise know their time.-Spanish.

folly may easily untie.—Shakespeare. If we are wrong, the farther we go the farther we are from home.—Italian. a husband and one child. The physicians

neck and keeping them on all night. In ing the hair, else falling hair is likely cold cream; then wipe the neck with breathed from the lips we love .-French.

> There are 20,000 different kinds of butterflies.

INDIANA INCIDENTS Record of Events of the Past Week

Mourned as dead by his family and friends for years, and declared to be legally dead by the court of Clinton county in order that his mother's estate might be in Frankfort twelve years ago, is alive and well and is living under an assumed he had served his term as sheriff of the county, Mr. Wratten left, stating that he was going to St. Louis. That was the last seen of him. He left behind him a fine farm in Michigan township, a wife and several children and his father and mother. The police in all the large cities of the country were notified of his disappearance and the family tried in every him, but without success. In time his father died and in a few years his mother, she leaving a goodly part of her estate to the missing son, provided he returned within two years after her death to claim it. The two years passed without word from him and in order to settle up the estate, Levi Wratten was declared by the Clinton Circuit Court to be legally dead. Mrs. Wratten obtained a divorce from her missing husband on the ground of abandonment. When Mr. Wratten left Frankfort he was hopelessly involved financially, but his transactions were not of a criminal nature and he appeared to be devoted to his family. Within the last few days a resident of Frankfort, visiting at Waterville, saw Mr. Wratten, and though the latter at first denied his identity, he finally admitted that he was none other than Levi Wratten of Clinton coun-

away from his home at Gary two years other night and was forgiven by his fathyears old when he went away, was assaulted and murdered in the woods near Gary about a year ago. The police failed to apprehend the murderer or murderers. The boy said he had been on a ranch in the West since he went away. At the time of his flight he had been sent by bank with a promise of a whipping for some boyish misdemeanor when he returned. He was afraid to go back, so he went

ticing, and this one, which closes at the WAITS EIGHT YEARS TO SHOOT.

Who Reprimanded Him Long Ago. William F. Driesman, aged 65, shot and fatally wounded Captain George W. the National Soldiers' Home in Marion. Driesman said he had intended to kill Reep under cover of darkness, but failing to get opportunity he shot him in presence of a hundred persons. Reep was paralyzed by the shot and is dying. Driesman said: "Eight years ago Reep, then captain of my barracks, reprimanded me, and I then took a vow that I would kill him. I bought a revolver while visiting at Toledo, and returned with the intention of shooting Reep on sight."

KILLS SWEETHEART; ENDS LIFE Suitor Drives Four Hours with Body

and Then Shoots Self.

Woman, 80, Rides Like Child. Riding a young horse in the contest of women over 80 years of age, Mrs.

Evansville, was bur burning refuse in her back yard,

Mrs. Horace Brown of Noblesville died from blood poisoning caused by the bite of a spider. John Moore, a victim in the Denver

a brother of James Moore of the Corn Exchange National bank in Chicago. Telling his mother he was going to commit suicide, Leonine White, 21 years old.

head. He had quarreled with his sweetheart and had been rebuked by his father.

washed without ceremony or soap by their Eldon and Virgil Lewis, aged 16 and 11 respectively, sons of Thomas Lewis, ton. They had gone in swimming with

Fire broke out in the attic of the Home Storage and Manufacturing Company's plant in Elwood, and before the local fire company could subdue the flames, the plant was practically destroyed. The firm He who sows brambles must not go manufactures artificial ice, bottle soft drinks, beers and other goods sold at samated at \$16,000, covered by an insurance

Mrs. Philip Kratz underwent an operation in Evansville and it was then that The amity that wisdom limits not, the physicians discovered the woman's I heart was on her right side, her liver on the left side and her spleen on the right side. Mrs. Kratz is 34 years old and has He that pryeth into the clouds may who operated on the woman say that her be struck with a thunderbolt.-Italian, heart is in almost perfect condition and, How sweet the words of truth aside from the ailment for which she was operated on, her health is very good. Mrs. B. V. Marshall, wife of a prominent Terre Haute citizen, has inherited \$500,000 from her uncle, Joseph Shineberger of Dillon, Mont. He left an estate of \$2,000,000.

"Legally Dead" Hoosier Much Alive

name at Waterville, Wash. Soon after known way to get some word concerning

onvenience, write your order on the learned that his sister Lizzie, who was 11 his father to cash a check for \$60 at the West to hunt Indians, instead.

garment of the sort, but nainsook, and are Civil War veterans and members of

After driving four hours with the body of his sweetheart, Mrs. Sylvia Hull Hernice, whom he had killed, in the buggy with him, Joel F. Baker shot and killed himself near Wabash. The drive had been planned by the woman as a farewell evening with Balser, as it is said she had decided to elope with another. When told of her decision, it is supposed Baker became enraged and shot her. Evidences of a struggle were found at the all similar materials, and also the thin scene of the murder. Baker's last mes-

William Dunfee, 83, was applauded by

BRIEF STATE HAPPENINGS.

hotel fire, was born in La Porte, and is

a wealthy farmer and merchant of Wa-Forty high school freshmen, painted and garbed as Salome or wearing Merry Widow hats and directoire skirts, were paraded by upper classmen in Logansport, preceded by a drum and bugle corps, to the "town pump," where their faces were

captors. were drowned in White river, near Hazel-If you would relish your food, labor three companions and got beyond their depth. Their bodies were recovered.

of \$25,000.